

## THE EDGE

'noting all the built-in mustn'ts herein laid  
no system to these days'

– Clark Coolidge, 'Stayed'

Understatement. No system at all,  
just terminal drift and desperation,  
abandoned emails and some books  
I cannot focus on. Mixing colours  
is about as far as I can go, words  
are elusive, whether I try to read  
or write. Luke says caffeine highs  
are a form of extreme zen, but  
coffee just gives me a headache,  
Greek yoghurt has turned sour  
in my stomach, another empty  
day yawns ahead. I'm bored  
and am not that kind of guy,  
but the slow movement of time  
we are forced to endure, my  
one walk a day, too many beers  
and Facetime conversations  
become a repetitive blur that  
hardly starts to occupy me  
or fill the days. 'How lovely  
to have the time to paint',  
'How's the writing going?'  
It's not, it's an interlude,  
an interruption, an unseen  
problem designed to test  
us all and push me over.

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